

## No Empty Sky Empire

### Tiny Carthage

Long, lonely hours  
and the candle's burning low  
like a tiny Carthage dying in my heart.

Shield clove in two  
I search the blazing ruins  
and the silence deafens like  
the beating of a hundred thousand  
drummers of the enemy around me.

But it'll only last a while  
I'm coming home again  
Oh yeah I think that I can smile  
I'm coming home again

Now when I think  
what I used to have with you  
how I loved you so but didn't have the time  
Well now, here am I  
five thousand miles away  
and I'm looking out to sea  
but the crashing of the breakers  
is silenced by the falling of the evening

But it'll only last a while  
I'm coming home again  
Oh yeah I think that I can smile  
I'm coming home again

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### West

Leather cowboys in red Ferraris  
purple sagebrush on women's faces  
oil as dear as the blood of cattle  
the creeping death of the open spaces

Canyons echo with ghostly warfare  
the desert angel who brings you water  
wings that circle in endless hunger  
the sudden snake and the she-wolf's daughter

But I'm not a gambler playing close to the vest  
I'm just a dreamer lost in the true west  
But I'm not a gambler playing close to the vest  
I'm just a dreamer lost in the true western  
sunsets, mythic warriors, silver towers  
guard our cities of gold.

Noble chiefs wearing pastel blankets  
in cartoon visions of native culture  
gracing bathrooms in pristine condos  
the eagle dying to feed the vulture

Red man's heritage white man's logos  
drives vintage Chevy to tribal meeting  
faces facts as he faces history  
our conscience just like our fashion's

But he's not a gambler playing close to the vest  
he's just a victim lost in the true west  
But he's not a gambler playing close to the vest  
he's just a victim lost in the true western sunsets,  
mythic warriors, silver towers  
guard our cities of gold.

Cactus stagger like drunken bandits  
the wind that frisks you with icy fingers  
blossom caught in the bite of winter  
the image fades but the scent still lingers

Rider high on the manmade mountain  
sees Chisum Trail under miles of concrete  
waves his hat and jumps on his pony  
fades to black in a single heartbeat

Cause he's not a gambler playing close to the vest  
he's just a dream that's lost in the true west

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### Elephant Touch

He's got an elephant's touch  
he's got a leopard's embrace  
he's got a razorblade smile  
to peel the skin from your face

He's got a winning season  
he makes you tremble and quake  
he's got the best damn reason  
and it's all for your sake

And every little word is just a bullet from God  
a perfect shot he hits you right in the knees

I feel the wind on the water  
I see the storm moving closer

He's got the voice of an actor  
he's got the nerve of a thief  
he wears the suit of a banker  
he wields the power of belief

He's got a tax-free pocket  
he takes a limousine ride  
he's got an iron doctrine  
he's got nothing to hide

And every little word is just a bullet from God  
a perfect shot he hits you right in the knees

I feel the wind on the water  
I see the storm moving closer

He's got a diamond ring fist  
he's got a quarterback shake  
and what you're willing to give him  
he's more than happy to take

He's got a toll-free number  
he takes your prayer line requests  
he pays his TV budget  
and the rest he invests

And every little word is just a bullet from God  
a perfect shot he hits you right in the knees

I feel the wind on the water  
I see the storm moving closer

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### **Before the Dawn**

How many colors can you count in just one  
moment?  
How many moments can you hold inside your  
hand?  
How many reasons can you give for not  
believing?  
How many souls have dragged their weight  
across this land?

Well I was there before the dawn  
when you were only sleeping  
and I was there before your gods  
before they turned to stone  
and I was there before the dawn  
when time was not for keeping  
and I'll be here when you are gone  
I lit the fire in your eyes.

How many songs have lent their voices to the  
evening?  
How many fingers gently played upon the  
strings?  
How many poets tried to capture every feeling  
pouring it out to fill the emptiness it brings?

Well I was there before the dawn  
when you were only dreaming  
and I was there before your gods  
before they turned to gold  
and I was there when songs were new  
and every note was gleaming  
and I'll be here when you are old  
I lit the fire in your eyes.

Your eyes have seen the good and bad  
your eyes have held the joy and all the sadness  
they can hold

Well I was there before the dawn  
when you were only dreaming  
and I was there before your gods  
before they turned to gold  
and I was there when songs were new  
and every note was gleaming  
and I'll be here when you are old  
I lit the fire in your eyes.

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### **Yellow Bird (*Hawai'i Nei*)**

I can feel the valley breathing like a mother  
thunder rolls down from the hills  
and cuts right through the distant  
green like beryl flames that start in wonder  
out of nothing forcing river's rushing waters  
lowlands overflowing

Yellow bird take me there  
maile leaves in her hair  
koa tree towers there  
plumeria in the air

Smoke in lazy ribbons drifts across the morning  
the herds kick up the dust again  
and fade into the distant  
mist like wondering that's never answered  
or considered forcing questions from the mother  
who will ever save me?

The yellow bird takes me there  
maile leaves in her hair  
koa tree towers there  
plumeria in the air

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### **Book**

There's a book I read and it's always new  
all the pages change and the words do too  
and the story grows it belongs to you  
cause the book I read  
is the book of you

When you take me there and you always do  
it's a fairytale where all my dreams come true  
if you dream of me I will dream of you  
in the book I read  
in the book of you

And I just can't put it down, no, no  
I just can't put it down  
no, not once I start  
I just can't put it down, no, no  
cause it seems like I'm always in the middle  
seems like I'm always in the middle  
seems like I'm always in the middle  
of the very best part

I don't need the Clifnotes just to figure you out  
I don't need to read between the lines  
if you were on the market girl I have no doubt  
you'd be the number one best seller in the New  
York Times

There's a book I read and I'm never through  
never read the ending hope I never do  
always hold my interest every word rings true  
in the book I read  
in the book of you

I memorize some parts underline a few  
when I lose my place I can always look at you  
don't need a second opinion or a book review  
cause the book I read  
is the book of you

And I just can't put it down, no, no  
I just can't put it down  
no, not once I start  
I just can't put it down, no, no  
cause it seems like I'm always in the middle  
seems like I'm always in the middle  
seems like I'm always in the middle  
of the very best part

In the book of you

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### **Heaven's Horses**

Just an actor on a different page  
Mona Lisa from a different age  
like a child I feel I'm born again  
when I'm thinking of you

I was always such a lonely man  
had a vision never had a plan  
don't know where it's going to take me to  
think I'll leave it to you

Heaven's horses pull a heavy load  
they don't know why, they don't know where  
it just has to be  
Heavy hearts will heave a silver sigh  
and I will pull for you, you pull for me

Like a harbor in a hurricane  
like a shelter from the biting rain  
safe and warm as in a feather bed  
when I'm thinking of you

On a ship that's lost in time and space  
some tiny pieces of the human race  
don't know where it's going to take us to  
think I'll leave it to you

Heaven's horses pull a heavy load  
they don't know why, they don't know where  
it just has to be

Heavy hearts will heave a silver sigh  
and I will pull for you, you pull for me

Just an actor on a different page  
a Mona Lisa from a different age  
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I was always such a lonely man  
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don't know where it's going to take me to  
think I'll leave it to you

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### **Gentle Fingers**

Freer than the breeze loving you was easy  
there was no need to change  
or to rearrange our ways

Polishing the pain smoothing out the strain  
your gentle fingers play  
music in a way so strange

If I could be there by your side just for a while  
I know my wounds would heal  
it's more than what I want, it's more than what I  
feel  
I know this time it's real

Dreaming of your touch missing you so much  
how could we let it go  
knowing what we know today

If I could be there by your side just for a while  
I know my wounds would heal  
it's more than what I want, it's more than what I  
feel  
I know this time it's real

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## Empire

What happened to the land we knew?  
What happened to that sacred trust?  
The shining city on the hill  
her gold has turned to rust  
every kingdom fails  
every empire turns to dust

And fades away  
like ghosts caught in the light  
and fades away  
like smoke before the wind  
and fades away  
like colors in the night  
and fades away

What happened to that hopeful dream,  
The one that crowded foreign docks?  
They traded it for tainted gold  
and doors with silver locks  
every Caesar falls  
every empire hits the rocks

And fades away  
like ghosts caught in the light  
and fades away  
like smoke before the wind  
and fades away  
like colors in the night  
and fades away

But now and then it seems there might just be a  
way to win  
to change the course and stop the harm  
and start over again  
but then I realize we've all gone numb  
and grown too tired to listen  
a revolution needs a soul  
and that's what this one's missing

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What happened to that sacred trust?  
The shining city on the hill  
her gold has turned to rust  
every kingdom fails  
every empire turns to dust

And fades away

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## Sailor

Like a ship out upon the sea  
the wind blows you back to me  
and like a sailor who's lost his way  
I pray for another day  
to bring me home

show me tomorrow  
I've wasted my precious time  
all I could borrow

Today  
this is no illusion I'm losing my way  
there's too much confusion I'm losing my way

And all of those diplomats  
cold hearted bureaucrats  
they wait for you in the dark  
you're such an easy mark  
they bring you down  
cloud your horizon  
I sold all my precious time  
to killers with ties on

Today  
this is no illusion I'm losing my way  
there's too much confusion I'm losing my way

Like a ship out upon the sea  
the wind blows you back to me

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